

and he took to his ginger-coloured heels crying out 'Policios' at every jump. O'Connor chased him a block, imbued with the sentiment of manslaughter, and slicing buttons off the general's coat tails with the paternal weapon. At the corner five barefooted policemen in cotton undershirts and straw hats climbed over O'Connor and subjugated him according to the municipal statutes.

"They brought him past the late revolutionary headquarters on the way to gaol. I stood in the door. A policeman had him by each hand and foot, and they dragged him on his back through the grass like a turtle. Twice they stopped, and the odd policeman took another's place while he rolled a cigarette. The great soldier of fortune turned his head and looked at me as they passed. I blushed, and lit another cigar. The procession passed on, and at ten minutes past twelve everybody had gone back to sleep again.

"In the afternoon the interpreter came around, and smiled as he laid his hand on the big red jar we usually kept ice-water in.

"The ice man didn't call to-day," says I. "What's the matter with everything, Sancho?"

"Ah, yes," says the liver-coloured linguist. "They just tell me in the town. Verree had art that Senor O'Connor make fight with General Tumbola. Yes. General Tumbola great soldier and big mans."

"What'll they do to Mr. O'Connor?" I asks.

"I talk little while presently with the Juez de la Paz—what you call Justice with the peace," says Sancho. "He tell me it verree had crime that one Senor Americano try kill General Tumbola. He say they keep Senor O'Connor in gaol six months; then have trial and shoot him with guns. Verree sorree."

"How about this revolution that was to be pulled off?" I asks.

"Oh," says this Sancho, "I think too hot weather for revolution. Revolution better in winter-time. Maybe so next winter. Quien sabe?"

"But the cannon went off," says I. "The signal was given."

"That big sound?" says Sancho, grinning. "The boiler in ice factory he blow up—BOOM! Wake everybody up from siesta. Verree sorree. No ice. Mucho hot day."

"About sunset I went over to the gaol, and they let me talk to O'Connor through the bars.

"What's the news, Bowers?" says he. "Have we taken the town? I've been expecting a rescue party all the afternoon. I haven't heard any firing. Has any word been received from the capital?"

"Take it easy, Barney," says I. "I think there's been a change of plans. There's something more important to talk about. Have you any money?"

"I have not," says O'Connor. "The last dollar went to pay our hotel bill yesterday. Did our troops capture the Custom-house? There ought to be plenty of Government money there."

"Segregate your mind from battles," says I. "I've been making inquiries. You're to be shot six months from date for assault and battery. I'm expecting to receive 50 years at hard labour for vagrancy. All they furnish you while you're a prisoner is water. You depend on your friends for food. I'll see what I can do."

"I went away and found a silver Chile dollar in an old vest of O'Connor's. I took him some fried fish and rice for his supper. In the morning I went down to a lagoon and had a drink of water, and then went back to the gaol. O'Connor had a porterhouse-steak look in his eye."

"Barney," says I, "I've found a pond full of the finest kind of water. It's the grandest, sweetest, purest water in the world. Say the word and I'll go fetch you a bucket of it, and you can throw this vile government stuff out the window. I'll do anything I can for a friend."

"Has it come to this?" says O'Connor, raging up and down his cell. "Am I to be starved to death and then shot? I'll make those traitors feel the weight of an O'Connor's hand when I get out of this." And then he comes to the bars and speaks softer. "Has nothing been heard from Dona Isabel?" he asks. "Though every one else in the world fail," says he, "I trust those eyes of hers. She will find a way to effect my release. Do you think you could communicate with her? One word from her—even a rose would make me sorrow's light. But don't let her know except with the utmost delicacy, Bowers. These high-bred Castilians are sensitive and p. out."

"Well said, Barney," says I. "You've given me an idea. I'll report later. Something's got to be pulled off quick, or we'll both starve."

"I walked out, and down to Hooligan Alley, and then on the other side of the street; As I went past the window of Dona Isabel Antonia Concha Regala, out flies the rose as usual, and hits me on the ear.

"The door was open, and I took off my hat and walked in. It wasn't very light inside, but there she sat in a rocking-chair by the window smoking a black cheroot. And when I got closer I saw that she was about thirty-nine, and had never seen a straight front in her life. I sat down on the arm of her chair, and took the cheroot out of her mouth and stole a kiss.

"Hullo, Izzy," I says. "Excuse my unconventionality, but I feel like I have known you for a month. Whose Izzy is oo?"

"The lady ducked her head under her mantilla, and drew in a long breath. I thought she was going to scream, but with all that intake of air she only came out with: 'Me like Americanos.'

"As soon as she said that I knew that O'Connor and me would be doing things with a knife and fork before the day was over. I drew a chair beside her, and inside of half an hour we were engaged. Then I took my hat and said I must go out for a while.

"You come back?" said Izzy, in alarm.

happy, as she should be, as Mrs. William T. B.

"All at once I sprang up in a hurry. I'd forgotten all about O'Connor. I asked Izzy to fix up a lot of truck for him to eat.

"That big, oogy man?" says Izzy. "But all right—be your friend."

"I pulled a rose out of a bunch in a jar, and took the grub-basket around to the gaol. O'Connor ate like a wolf. Then he wiped his face with a banana peel and said: 'Have you heard nothing from Dona Isabel yet?'"

"Hist!" says I, slipping the rose between the bars. "She sends you this. She bids you take courage. At nightfall two masked men brought it to the ruined chateau in the orange grove. How did you like that goat hash, Barney?"

"O'Connor pressed the rose to his lips. "This is more to me than all the food in the world," says he. "But the supper was fine. Where did you raise it?"

"I've negotiated a stand-off at a delicatessen hut downtown," I tells him. "Eat easy. If there's anything to be done I'll do it."

"So things went along that way for some weeks. Izzy was a great cook; and if she had had a little more poise of character and smoked a little better brand of tobacco, we might have drifted into some sense of responsibility for the honour I'd conferred on her. But as time went on I began to hunger for the sight of a real lady standing before me in

"I sent for you, Mr. Bowers, to let you know that you can have your friend Mr. O'Connor now. Of course we had to make a show of punishing him on account of his attack on General Tumbola. It is arranged that he shall be released to-morrow night. You and he will be conveyed on board the fruit steamer Voyager, bound for New York, which lies in the harbour. Your passage will be arranged for."

"One moment, judge," says I; "that revolution—"

"The judge lays back in his chair and howls. "Why," says he presently, "that was all a little joke fixed up by the boys around the court-room, and one or two of our cut-ups, and a few clerks in the stores. The town is bursting its sides with laughing. The boys made themselves up to be conspirators, and they—what you call it?—stick Senor O'Connor for his money. It is very funny."

"It was," says I. "I saw the joke all along. I'll take another highball, if your Honor don't mind."

"The next evening, just at dark, a couple of soldiers brought O'Connor down to the beach where I was waiting under a cocoanut-tree.

"Hist!" says I in his ear; "Dona Isabel has arranged our escape. Not a word!"

"They rowed us in a boat out to a little steamer that smelled of table d'hôte salad oil and bone phosphate.

"The great, mellow, tropical moon was rising as we steamed away. O'Connor leaned on the taffrail or rear balcony of the ship and gazed silently at Guaya—at Puncoville-on-the-Beach. He had the red rose in his hand.

"She will wait," I heard him say. "Eyes like hers never deceive. But I shall see her again. Traitors cannot keep an O'Connor down forever."

"You talk like a sequel," says I. "But in Volume II, please omit the light-haired friend who totes the grub to the hero in his dungeon cell."

"And thus reminiscing, we came back to New York."

There was a little silence broken only by the familiar roar of the streets after Kansas Bill Bowers ceased talking.

"Did O'Connor ever go back?" I asked.

"He attained his heart's desire," said Bill. "Can you walk two blocks? I'll show you."

He led me eastward and down a flight of stairs that was covered by a curious-shaped, glowing, pagoda-like structure. Signs and figures on the tiled walls and supporting columns attested that we were in the Grand Central station of the subway. Hundreds of people were on the midway platform.

An up-town express dashed up and halted. It was crowded. There was a rush for it by a still larger crowd.

Towering above every one there a magnificent, broad-shouldered, athletic man leaped into the centre of the struggle. Men and women he seized in either hand and hurled them like manikins towards the open gates of the train.

Now and then some passenger with a shred of soul and self-respect left to him turned to offer remonstrance; but the blue uniform on the towering figure, the fierce and conquering glare of his eye, and the ready impact of his ham-like hands glued together the lips that would have spoken complaint.

When the train was full, then he exhibited to all who might observe and admire his irresistible genius as a ruler of men. With his knees, with his elbows, with his shoulders, with his resistless feet he shoved, crushed, slammed, heaved, kicked, flung, pounded the overplus of passengers aboard. Then with the sounds of its wheels drowned by the roars, shrieks, prayers, and curses of its unfortunate crew, the express dashed away.

"That's him. Ain't he a wonder?" said Kansas Bill, admiringly. "That tropical country wasn't the place for him. I wish the distinguished traveller, writer, war correspondent, and playwright, Richmond Hobson Davis, could see him now. O'Connor ought to be dramatised."

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*I began to hunger for the sight of a real lady.*

"Me got bring preacher," says I. "Come back twenty minutes. We marry now. How you likee?"

"Marry to-day?" says Izzy. "Good!" "I went down on the beach to the United States consul's shack. He was a grizzly man, eighty-two pounds, smoked glasses, five foot eleven, pickled. He was playing chess with an india-rubber man in white clothes.

"Excuse me for interrupting," says I, "but can you tell me how a man could get married quick?"

"The consul gets up and fingers in a pigeonhole.

"I believe I had a license to perform the ceremony myself, a year or two ago," he said. "I'll look, and—"

"I caught hold of his arm.

"Don't look it up," says I. "Marriage is a lottery, anyway. I'm willing to take the risk about the license if you are."

"The consul went back to Hooligan Alley with me. Izzy called her na to come in, but the old woman was picking a chicken in the patio and begged to be excused. So we stood up and the consul performed the ceremony.

"That evening Mrs. Bowers cooked a great supper of stewed goat, tamales, baked bananas, friteseed red peppers, and coffee. Afterward I sat in the rocking-chair by the front window, and she sat on the floor plunking on a guitar and

a street-car. All I was staying in that land of milk and money for was because I couldn't get away, and I thought it no more than decent to stay and see O'Connor shot.

"One day our old interpreter drops around, and after smoking an hour says that the judge of the peace sent him to request me to call on him. I went to his office in a lemon grove on a hill at the edge of the town; and there I had a surprise. I expected to see one of the usual cinnamon-coloured natives in congress gaiters and one of Pizarro's cast-off hats. What I saw was an elegant gentleman of a slightly claybank complexion sitting in an upholstered leather chair, sipping a highball and reading Mrs. Humphrey Ward. I had smuggled into my brain a few words of Spanish by the help of Izzy, and I began to remark in a rich Andalusian brogue: "Buenas dias, senior. Yo tengo—yo tengo—"

"Oh, sit down, Mr. Bowers," says he. "I spent eight years in your country in colleges and law schools. Let me mix you a highball. Lemon peel, or not?"

"Thus we got along. In about half an hour I was beginning to tell him about the scandal in our family when Aunt Elvira ran away with a Cumberland Presbyterian preacher. Then he says to me: